

MORNING ON BLOMIDON

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The Spirit of the Morning paused beyond
The misty hills; old and young stars flashed out
A swift farewell to the grey earth, and slept.

Dark Blomidon lay in the hushed repose
Of seeming death, shrouded in mist, the fog
Of Fundy's Bay. No voice of pine or fir
Disturbed the night; and on the quiet shore
Each little wave, like child abashed, gave swift
Caress, and fled to hide a quick confusion
Within the bosom of the sea; while she,
Mild mother, clasped her children to her breast,
And sang to them her old mysterious song,
Not as a solemn requiem, but as
A lilting lullaby which seeks to hold
In slumber one beloved. The shade of night
Enfolded silent hills; no song of bird
Had stirred the hidden echoes of the air;
And cool grey mist held a great heart in thrall
As Blomidon, dark Blomidon lay dreaming.

A wistful wind blew softly from the west;
And young leaves trembled in their joyousness.
In rhythmical slow movement toward the sea
The grey mist moved; and ghostly lines of light
Drawn by an unseen hand were traced across
The rim of a wide horizon. The call,
The sweet clear call of bird to bird sounded . . .
From the dark wood and down the old blue hills
A flute-like music poured in rippling laughter
Like running waters of a hidden spring;
And silver echoes, ringing in soft notes,
Drifted with the grey mist, notes that were lost
Afar in a lone ecstasy of sound . . .
Boisterous waves leaped up, dancing their wild
Gay dance to greet the happy face of dawn,

Intolerant of their mother's deep-breathed song.
 A shy blue violet, in the shade, hid paling
 Face among the soft green grasses of the wood
 In her sweet modesty; the lady's-slipper
 Neath her pink hood blushed rosy with the morn;
 And strong blue hills shone in the warm sunlight
 As shines an amethyst of purest ray.

The Spirit of the Morning passed beyond
 The sunclad hills; and with the kiss of dawn
 Dark Blomidon, blue Blomidon awakened.